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JANUARY, 1927

No. 12

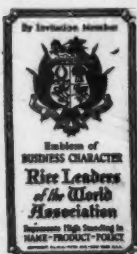
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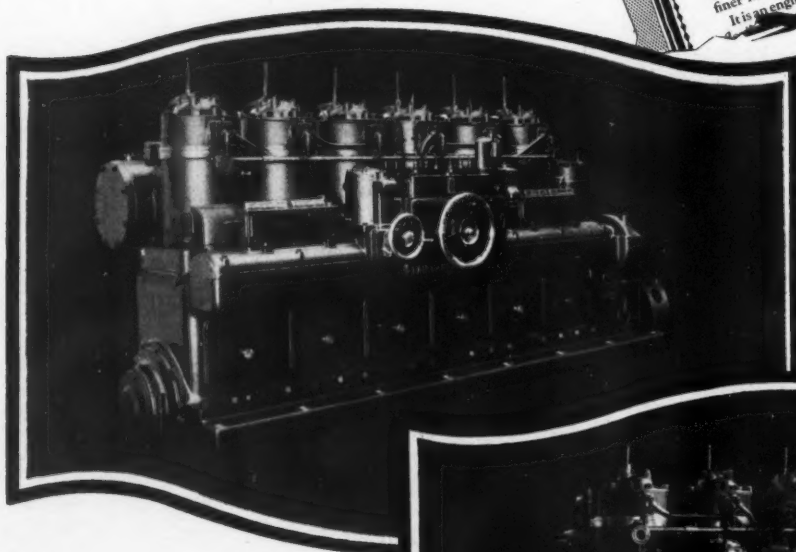


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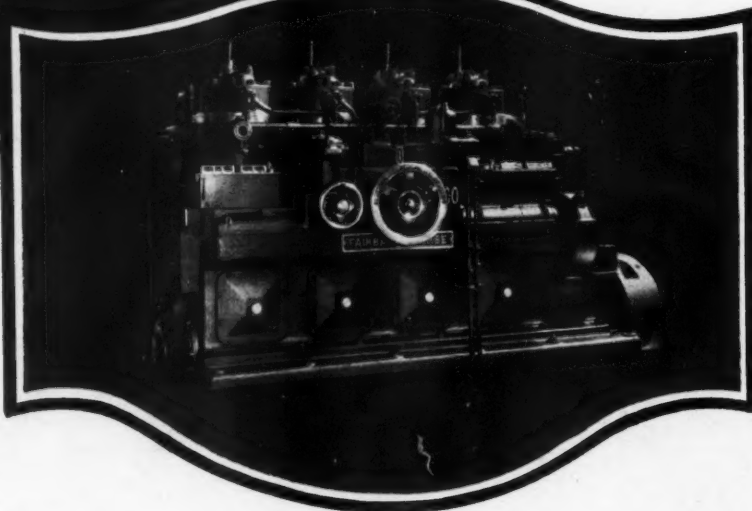
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The 6-cyl., 360-hp. engine shown above is similar in appearance to the 6-cyl., 180-hp. and the 6-cyl. 120-hp. engines.

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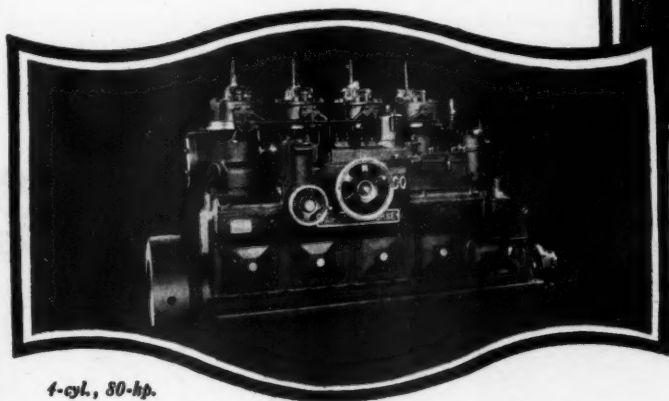
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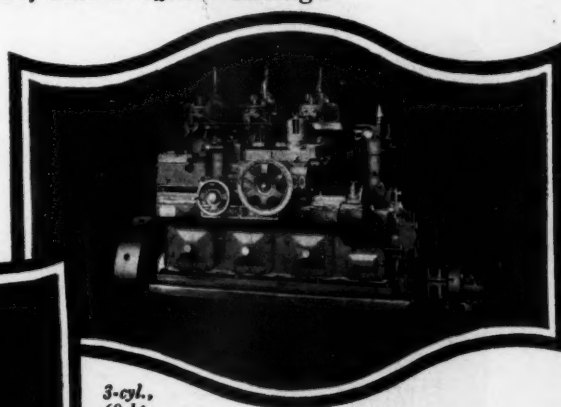
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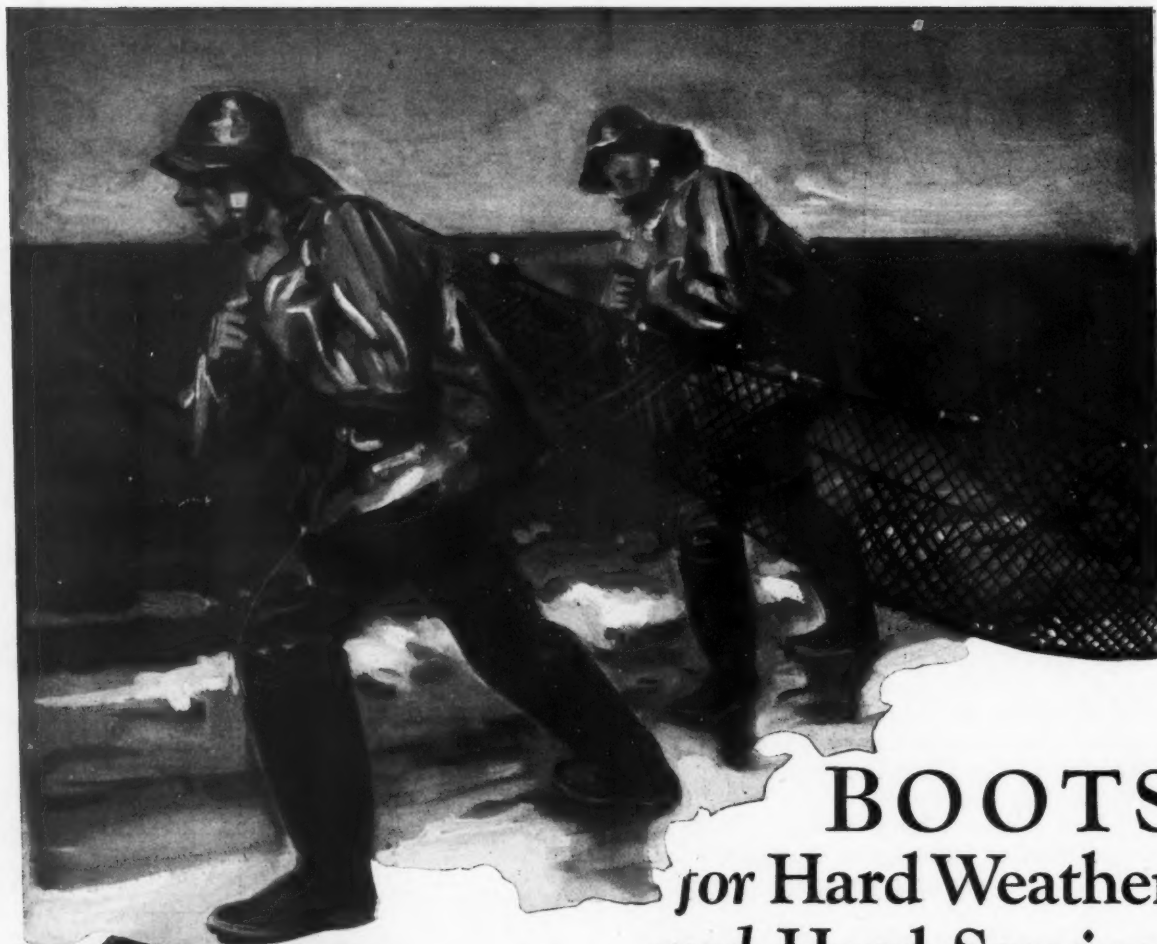
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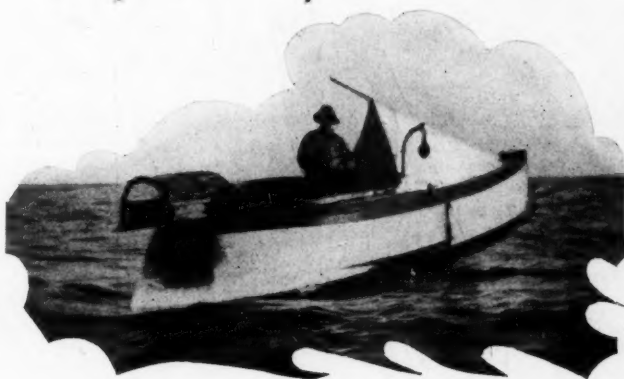
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The Fisherman's Almanac

ATLANTIC FISHERMAN'S ALMANAC

for 1927

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Besides the almanac and tidal data, you will find a lot of interesting and valuable reading. Distances and bearings are given; several pages of poems by the fishermen's own poet, Joe Allen; pictures by Albert Cook Church; and a chance to win \$10 if you know fast-sailing American and Canadian fishing vessels. Also, another fisherman's cross word puzzle with pictures for framing as prizes to those who try to solve it.

This is the only almanac and tide book published primarily for fishermen, others being either for farmers or steamship masters.

Over 25,000 fishermen use the "Fisherman's Almanac"

As the feller said, "If it's worth a cent it's worth a dollar, but you can have it for a quarter."

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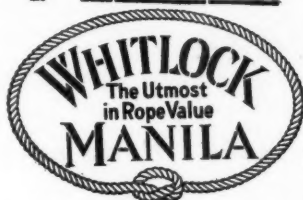
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Lobster twine treated with copper oleate is best for lobstermen's use.

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Government tests have shown the superior lasting qualities of fishing cordage which has been treated with copper oleate.

The growing predominance of "green headed" traps along our shores proves conclusively that copper oleate treated lobster twine is more than making good in everyday service.



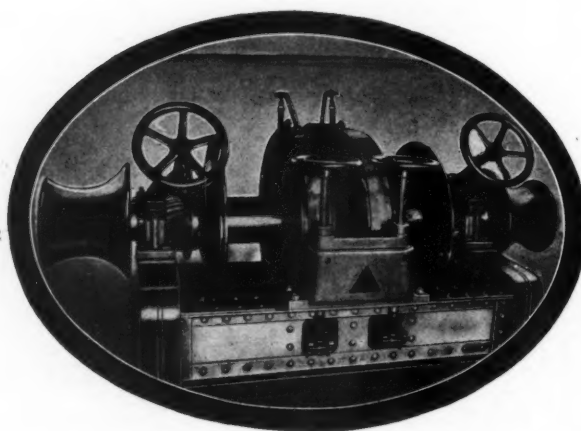
"Green Headed" Traps
Last Longer—
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METASAP
Copper Oleate
Compound is the
best preservative
known for fishing gear

METASAP CHEMICAL CO.

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Trawling Winch

MODEL A.

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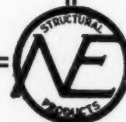
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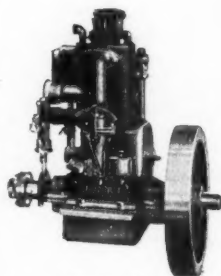
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DOMAN 1927

Bull Dog Line

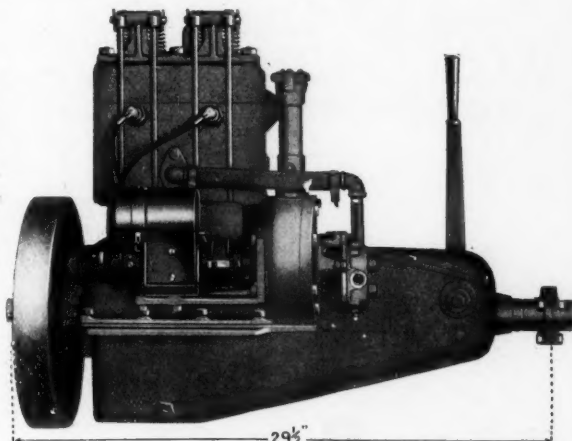
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FIG. 71

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Galvanized Steel Frame specially designed for the job. Steady on its feet and strong. Its first cost soon forgotten in the light of its long life.

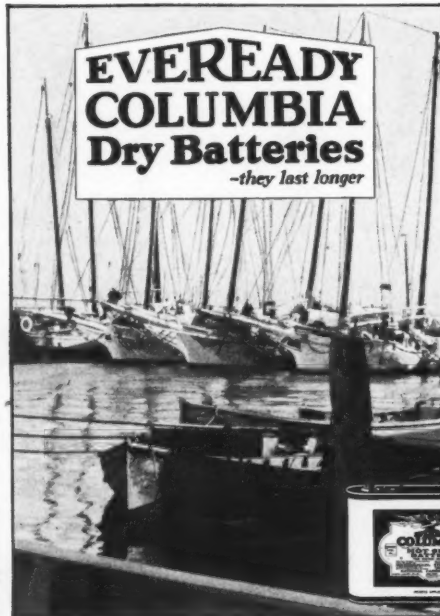
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Not A "Trade Paper"

The ATLANTIC FISHERMAN is a paper for fishermen—producers—the men who actually fish for a living. It does not purpose to cover the fish trades; nor does it wish to be looked upon as a "trade paper." Rather do we like to think of it as a home paper for fishermen.

Our first care is that its pages be readable, for we believe that matters of human interest and practical vocational help are more to be desired by our readers than stereotyped "trade notes" and dry-as-dust statistical matter.

We want it to be regarded as a steady and reliable source of information, profit and entertainment by that vast army of 150,000 workfolk which constitutes our field.

Atlantic Fisherman

A "FARM" JOURNAL FOR THE
HARVESTERS OF THE SEA

Vol. VII. DECEMBER, 1926 No. 11 *

LEW A. CUMMINGS.....President

FRANK H. WOOD.....Managing Editor

Published Monthly at
92 West Central Street, Manchester, N. H.

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Nor shall we attempt to adjust trifling disputes between subscribers and honorable business men. This offer holds good for one month after the transaction causing the complaint.

To take advantage of this guarantee subscribers must always state in writing to or talking with any of our advertisers: "I saw your advertisement in ATLANTIC FISHERMAN."

The Maine Gas Tax Protest

MAINE readers of the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN have been writing in, asking what has been done with the gasoline tax revocation petitions which the publishers circulated throughout fishing sections of Maine during 1926. We have been asked by others, too, who have no direct interest, for a report on the results of the protest.

Until recently there has been little to report because by the time the movement had made headway last year the legislature was adjourning. However, the efforts of the sponsors of the protest have not diminished, and the idle period at Maine's capitol was spent advantageously. Representatives of the magazine have been working steadily for months on the Maine coast securing additional signatures.

But now the time for action has arrived and it won't be long before our friends in Augusta who imposed this unjust burden on an already over-burdened industry will be made to realize that when sufficiently riled the fisherman can step up and speak his mind. Thirteen hundred and twenty-three fishermen who vote in Maine have signed the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN gas tax protest, and these signatures are ready for presentation to the law-makers.

The petitions have been entrusted to Mr. H. D. Crie, Director of the Sea and Shore Fisheries Commission, and he is completing the preliminaries by seeing that they reach both the House and Senate through the best channels. He knows which Senators and Representatives understand the fisheries and which ones can appreciate the injustice of this tax. To them he will give the opportunity of acting as the fishermen's spokesmen to rectify it. Since Mr. Crie took office as Director, his Commission has been a power for

good, and no better man could be had to see the protest through to its rightful end.

When this petition is acted upon in Augusta, it would be a good idea for every fisherman to think about it, and to realize that whatever action is taken is the result of concerted effort on the part of fishermen. If the result is favorable it will be an example of what can be accomplished

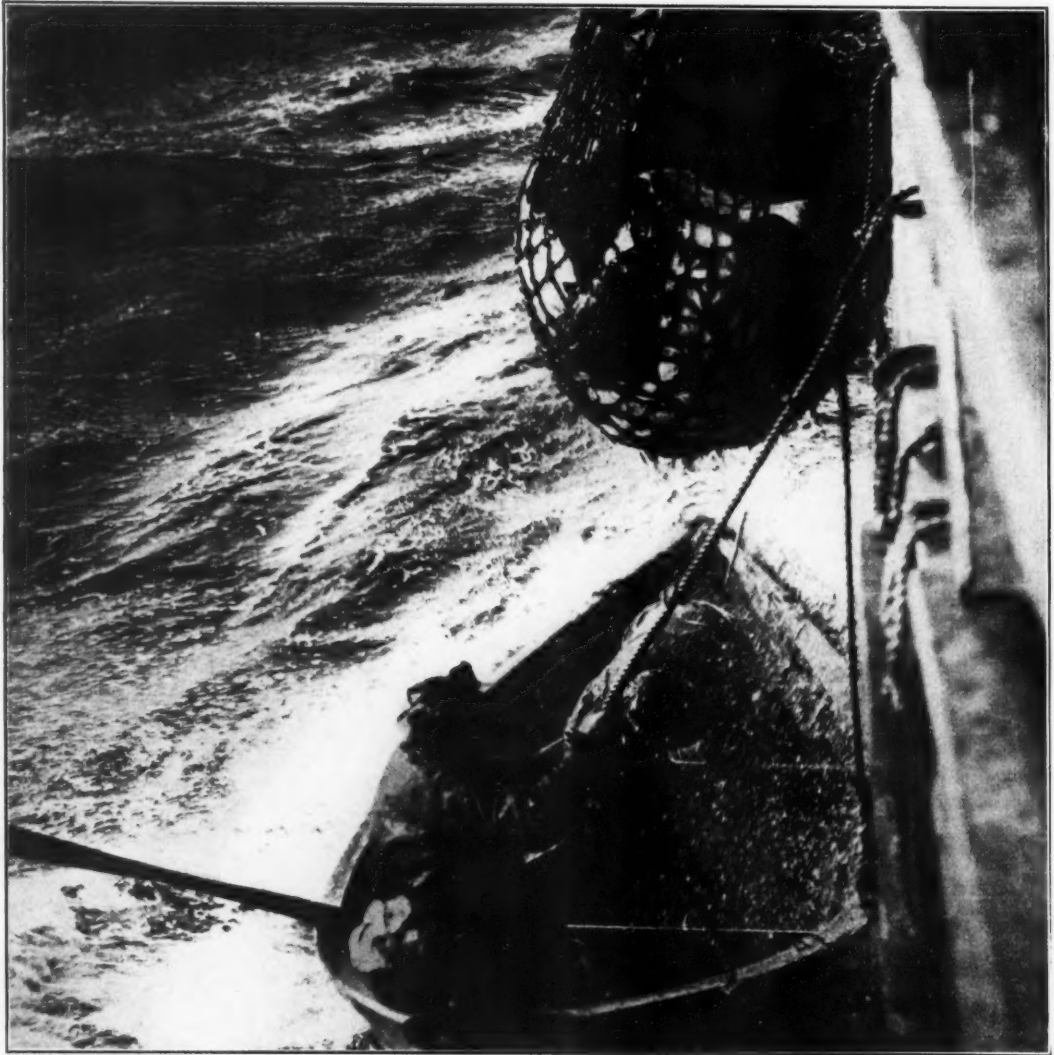
by pulling together for the common good. Every once in so often an attempt is made to organize fishermen into some kind of a body. Some of these associations have had good motives and others mighty poor ones, but none of them have been a wholesale success except for one thing—to demonstrate that fishermen will not stick together. Why, nobody knows. Everyone that comes around with an organization scheme has examples galore of what farmers and other groups have done for themselves by working in union, and the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN has pleaded for years for co-ordinated effort in the fisheries. No doubt we could continue pleading forever without any result, but if we succeed in putting over

this revocation of an unjust tax it will be a visible example of the power of a strong heave by all hands simultaneously.

Another thing, if you agree that the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN has done any good on this gas tax proposition, just remember that one of the things we are here for is to fight such things as this. Furthermore, if there are similar jobs which need doing in other places, put us onto them. Also remember that you as a reader and a subscriber make it possible for us to be here, so if you think that our work is worth continuing tell your neighbor about the "Fisherman's Magazine". Maybe he will subscribe—not that we are hungry for his dollar but the more readers we have the more we can do about gasoline taxes.

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The Trawlers Get Theirs in Winter



ATLANTIC FISHERMAN

"The Fisherman's Magazine"

The Only Publication Devoted Exclusively to the
Fishing Interests of the Atlantic Seaboard

Vol. VII.

JANUARY, 1927

No. 12

Maine Boat Fishing in Winter

By Alfred Elden

"Praise the sea, but keep on land."

HERBERT said that in his *Jacula Prudentum*, and if he was referring to the sea in Winter, he certainly uttered a mouthful. It is one thing to sit comfortably before the fireplace and listen to a robust basso-profundo radio broadcast, "The sea! the sea! the open sea! The blue, the fresh, the ever free!" Quite another view of the picture however, is to be had from the heaving deck of a trawler, lying out on the fishing grounds, these mid-Winter nights.

Swaddle a man in woolens and oilskins, encase his feet and legs in hip boots, clamp a sou'wester down over his head, mitten his hands, wrap a muffler around his face, and observe the other necessary precautions to keep him from perishing. Then let him take his trick at the wheel in a driving northeast snowstorm, with a below-zero temperature, and cogitating the uncomfortable knowledge that he may be in a steamship lane.

What does he do when he is relieved and gets a chance to go below for a mug up and a toss down? Sing a paen of joy over the wonders of the beautiful briny? He does not. His real language would have to be censored for ATLANTIC FISHERMAN, but his sentiments might be more gently expressed in the language of Douglas Jerrold who enthusiastically wrote:

"Love the sea? I dote upon it—from the beach!"

Yet rigorous as is the life on the big schooners in Winter it is not so exacting, so man-killing as that endured by the small boat fishermen. The boys on the vessels have to take their tricks at the wheel or on watch in bad weather, to be sure, but they have a warm fo'c's'le where they can get in out of the cold, drink their fill of hot coffee, and enjoy a decent smoke.

The chap who has to roll out of a warm bed, walk through snowdrifts to the shore, crank some enthusiasm into a stone cold motor, poke his way outside through fields of drift ice, and then thrash his way ten or a dozen miles offshore in a twenty-five foot open boat, certainly deserves all he can get out of the winter fishing game. By the time he has made a set, repeatedly wrung out his mittens in sea water to keep his hands from freezing, picked the icicles from his eyebrows a few dozen times, and then caught only two or three hundred weight of fish, he begins to wonder why he does it.

The adolescent youth who wishes he might look more mature should take a course of winter fishing with a Casco Bay Hampton boatman. It is guaranteed to sap vitality, crab boyish enthusiasm, put crow's feet around the eyes, seams in

the face and gray in the hair. All winters on the Maine coast are bad medicine for the small boat fisherman. When the so-called Ice Winter comes—well, it's out and out poison.

Continual battling against below zero temperatures, protracted physical exertion in the numbing atmosphere, exposure to sleety rains and cutting snows, all take a lot out of a man. Is it any wonder that fewer of the Hampton boats of Casco Bay are in commission than ever before? And it is noticeable that those who are fishing are mostly the veterans, not the youngsters at the game.

"Boys today ain't so sturdy as their dads, commented one old-timer. Ain't got the sand to stand the gaff of winter fishin'."

"They've got more sense than to go," contradicted another. "More'n twenty-five of the young Hampton boat fishermen at Chebeague, Long an' Cliff Islands, put their craft on the bank 'round Thanksgiving an' are fishin' now on the vessels."

February is the dreaded month for the small boat fisherman because it is the worst ice month. At Portland the docks freeze over and only a few are kept open. There are none too many safe berths for the winter fisherman. He may come to the wharf some snappy

morning and find his craft frozen in solidly. Sometimes he can chop it free; sometimes he has to leave it until a towboat has business in that particular dock, or more likely he must wait until the benevolent spring smile of Old Sol picks the icy lock of Winter.

Their tenure of idleness from such a cause doesn't do fishing boats any good. Frequently they are crushed beneath the accumulated weight of snow and ice. Oakum is drawn from seams, water seeps in, and here and there a craft sinks to the muddy dock bottom. Grinding floes smash in planking. The fisherman who would bring his craft unscathed through the freezing menaces of winter fishing must be eternally vigilant—and mighty lucky!

Down around the islands and lower bay mainland, winter moorings must be particularly strong. The howling north-easters and surging fields of drift ice borne about by the winds and tides are well nigh irresistible in their dynamics. The Storm King finds keen zest in chafing through some unparcelled mooring rope and then hurling a trim craft to matchwood on a rocky shore.

Ordinarily, the Casco Bay winter fisherman encounters little solid ice unless, as I mentioned before, a real Ice Winter



ICE FLOES CRUSH PLANKS AND DAMAGE SMALL CRAFT.

strikes in. The last memorable one was in 1918 when practically every harbor on the Maine coast froze up except Portland where the main ship channels were kept open with considerable difficulty. Inner Casco Bay was sealed for two or three weeks and the Portland—Orrs Island steamer had to go outside of all land and omit intermediate stopping points.

Hikers walked from Portland to Harpswell and footpaths were worn between islands where within the memory of the oldest inhabitant boats had always plied unhindered. Passengers were landed on the ice half a mile from their destination. Children swung from spar buoys that were locked firmly in two feet of ice.

That Winter the Hampton boatmen got five days fishing in December, three in January and four in February. They spent hours breaking ice around their moorings, and sweat blood starting cold motors. Another severe winter for the small boat fishermen was that of 1924-1925. This one to date has been cold but nobody anticipates anything to equal

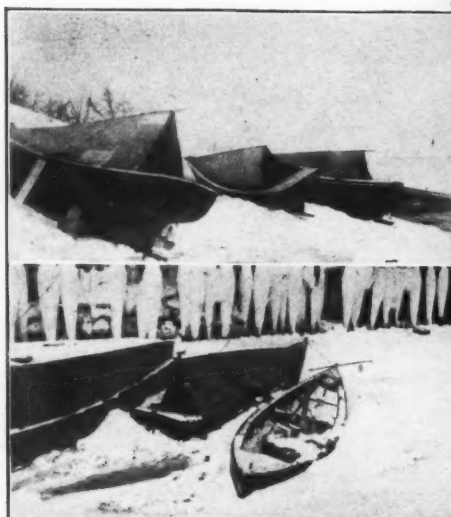
dig until the flats became ice-coated. Local canning factories afforded a ready market.

"I figured up what I made in December, January and February a year ago," said a veteran Mackerel Cove small boat fisherman, "an' I swore I'd never try it again in Winter. When I reckoned total receipts, cost of gas an' oil, I found it came to just about livin' wages. An' it took a lot out of my boat and out of men. In the long run I think I would have been better off if I'd stayed ashore—better off in money, an' better off in body.

"Why do I do it? What else would I do? I don't want to loaf, an' I don't know any trade I can work at ashore. Then, of course, there's always the chance you'll hit the fish when the market's bare an' prices are up.

"Only this last December one Chebeague islander made \$90 and \$70 in two trips, and another salted \$105 in one trip! Dodged out after a three days' storm, hit the haddock just right and got back to market ahead of the vessel

Winter Scenes in Maine



Upper Left: Great Chebeague Hamptons hauled out to escape ice.

Lower Left: Boats trapped for the winter.



Upper Right: Cutting out dock ice to free boats at Portland Pier.

Lower Right: Won't fish until Spring.

that of eight years ago. Still, "you never can tell," as the headsmen remarked when he brought his axe down on the neck of his victim.

Most of the Casco Bay fishermen who live close to the shore, take off kettles or cans of boiling water in the morning to facilitate the starting process. Others who come from more distant points bring hot water in big thermos bottles. In addition to laying steaming cloths over carbureters and intake manifolds, they have another little trick, not heartily endorsed by insurance adjusters—either life or fire.

They dip old waste in gasoline, place it on cylinder heads and over check valves and touch a match to it. Wonderful heater of cold iron and so far nothing serious has resulted! Considering that a gasoline engine that has stood unprotected in an open boat all through a mid-Winter night is the meanest thing in the world, one can hardly blame an exasperated fisherman from trying 33d degree methods of coaxing it to life.

All through December the small boat fishermen devoted themselves largely to clamming and lobstering. There was very little outside trawling. Clams were plentiful all around Casco Bay and even children and women helped the fishermen

fishermen. Wholesalers paid 'em 13 cents a pound for haddock. That's goin' some! Just my luck to be out of commission that week."

East of Portland more small boat winter fishing than ever is being prosecuted, due to the assignment of the ice-breaker *Kickapoo* to Maine waters with headquarters at Rockland. This gives a sense of security to the large scallop fleet operating out of that port, Owls Head and other Penobscot Bay points. One Winter a dozen of the scallop draggers were held prisoners at Rockland by the ice for several weeks while two scallopers at near-by Owls Head, where the water remained open, enjoyed a monopoly and reaped a harvest.

The one notable point along the Maine coast where winter small boat fishing is considered quite *comme il faut* is at Monhegan Island. The fishermen there are far enough out in the open Atlantic to escape all ice handicaps. Bitter exposure they are used to. They fish for lobsters at top speed twenty miles offshore while their fellow fishermen of the mainland stick around home and put their gear in readiness for Spring.

(Continued on Page 24)

The Story of The Great Gale of Sixty-Six

As Told to Gilbert Nickerson, Shag Harbor, N. S.

YES, boy, well do I remember the great gale of sixty-six, that swept the Banks, and good cause have I to remember it too. I was in the *Schr. Start*, of Barrington, commanded by Capt. Coffin Crowell of Barrington. Our crew were the following, as near as I can remember: Stephen Snow and son, John, Thomas McLarren, also of Barrington, Dan Purdy, of Clyde River, Edward Greenwood, Eleazer Whitney, Charles Perry, North East Harbour; George Perry, Charles Perry, Alex Perry, George Cowan Perry, Black Point; James McCoy, Thos. Hagar, Roseway, and two colored lads, Daring by name, from Clyde, and our cook, also a colored man, Thompson, from Village Dale, and myself, William Doane of Cape Negro Island.

We started on our second trip about the middle of July. We had a fine passage down to the banks, and anchored on Quero, and went to work fishing. We were on a trawling trip, and fish did not seem to be very plenty. There was no squid on the ground, and we had to move around over the bank quite a lot before we found any fish. Towards the last of the month, we began to have very good fishing, so that some days we would get two dory loads of fish apiece. We had fine weather for fishing, and things began to look as though we would get our trip of fish in a short time. Through August and September fishing was fairly good.

September 23rd was a fine, beautiful day, and we were still having good fishing. At sunset, over on the western horizon, there appeared a very red and fiery glow, which began to look as though our fine weather was about to be interrupted. It held moderate the greater part of the night, but towards morning the wind began to breeze up from the south west.

At breakfast time there was too much wind to strike out our dories, and the Captain said we will hold on for a while and perhaps the wind may moderate, and you will be able to get your trawls. At ten in the morning it was blowing hard enough so that we broke our anchor, and we let her drift before the gale. It soon kicked up a sharp sea and made things pretty lively. We had put out a drag so as to make her lay more easily, and I had just told the men to make everything secure around the windlass bit, because if a very heavy comber struck us it would be swept away.

I had no more than spoken, when I looked to windward, and I saw an enormous sea coming. I sang out to the men to look out for themselves, and about the same time the sea boarded us. I do not know where I got to, but I held on to what came to my hand. It must have been up in the rigging somewhere, for when I looked down the vessel was nearly all underwater. When the sea passed I remember seeing some arms and legs sticking out of water, and I thought it a lucky job if some of our crew were not washed overboard. But the old craft began to right herself a little and shake some of the water from her deck, but she still had a bad list on her. I got down on the deck and procured a windless brake and made aft to the quarter and stove off the waist strake, so as to give the water a better chance to run off. The dories happened to be to leeward, and they were filled with water, and we stove holes in them to let the water off, and after a short time she came back on her bottom, none the worse for her dive.

We had a barrel of oil on deck which was lashed solid, and we bored a small hole in it, and let the oil leak slowly out, and to that in a great measure is what we owe our lives, as the oil smoothed the water some, and we drifted faster than the oil. No more seas broke on to us, and we rode out the gale in safety. During the gale it blew that hard, that to make a man hear you when you spoke to him you had to shout at the top of your voice when right along side of him, and if you wished to pass along the deck, you had to keep a tight hold of the weather rail and haul yourself along. The seas were roaring mountains, and many a one that broke short of us or broke beyond us, which, had they broke on to us, would have crushed us like an egg shell.

At three o'clock P. M., the wind showed signs of moderating, and by six, the gale had spent its force, and only a moderate breeze was blowing with a fine drizzle of rain, and a mountainous sea still running. At the place where we were fishing there were no vessels in sight, and we had the fish all to ourselves. Through the night it was moderate and fine, the sea went down, and at daylight it was fine weather again. We put sail on our vessel to keep her steady and went to work to heave in our hawser. About four o'clock P. M., we sighted a vessel that had been dismasted in the gale, and had a flag flying from her stern. We could not reach her that night, so layed by till morning, (which was Sunday) when we sighted her again and ran down to where she lay. We sent one of our dories aboard to see what schooner it was, and she proved to be one of the Pubnico fleet, the *Gen. Williams*.

She had been hove down in the gale, and had to cut away her spars, so that she would right herself. None of her crew were lost. We took her crew off and scuttled her, and we layed by her until she settled decks to the water, and then she gave a final plunge and sank out of sight.

The next vessel we sighted was the *Heber*, also of Pubnico, Capt. Moses Goodwin. His vessel had also been hove down, and had her spars and rigging cut away, so that she would right herself again after being hove down. We also took her crew off and scuttled her so that she would not be a menace to navigation. Next vessel we found was the *Wideawake*, of Shag Harbor, and alas what a sight. She was all under water, and only the bluff of her bow would come out of water once in a while, and her mast heads would be awash. But of her crew, only two of them ever returned to their home port. By some strange chance, or the hand of destiny, their lives were saved. On the day before the gale, on returning to their vessel from hauling their trawls, they missed their own vessel, as it was foggy, and got aboard the schooner, *Elvira R.* and stayed the night, and next morning being windy and rough, they were unable to reach their own vessel, and in consequence, their lives were spared.

The next vessel that we sighted, proved to be the *Elvira R.*, of Bear Point, Capt. Edmund Smith. She was upright, and her crew were at work trying to rig up a jury mast, to try and get their vessel into land, and if we had not come along just at that time, possibly, they might have succeeded, as the wind, and weather, was favorable for that venture. But when we came within hail, and our Capt. asked if they wished any assistance, the crew stopped work, and asked to be taken off, as they did not care to run the risk of another gale of wind. We took the crew off her, and scuttled her, also. The Capt. cried like a child, when he saw his schooner go to the bottom, as he was part owner, and the vessel was a new one, and it meant a great loss to him, for her to go like that, as her hull was in good shape, and she was not leaking. However, we saw her go to the bottom.

We saw another schooner a distance off, but we did not go to her, as another schooner had boarded her. She was the *J. P. Nickerson*, Capt. Josiah Sears of Wood's Harbor, and all her crew were drowned. She, also was a new vessel, and in good condition. Her spars were broken about ten feet above deck. An American vessel took tow to her a few days later and attempted to reach land, but another gale came on, and she parted her tow line, and he abandoned her to her fate. After taking three crews aboard, the schooner that had visited the *Nickerson*, came up to us, and we put part of out passengers aboard of her, as we were somewhat over crowded. We had a good passage home, where our people gave us a very cordial welcome, as they knew that a terrible gale had visited the banks, and without doubt, a loss of vessels and lives had been the result. I am an old man now, and I do not know as there are many of my shipmates alive today that were with me on that fishing trip.



By Joseph C. Allen.

WELL, December has gone astern of us and we are now pointing up on the windward slant on the winter tack, so to speak. The next time we come about we'll be heading for spring and hope to make it in one leg. December is pretty near the windup of things hereabout unless we get a run of mild weather. Of course, our vessels will stay on the job and Edgartown's quohaug fleet never lays up, but our little draggers and our lobstermen must travel to do any business and they are not likely to travel far unless there is some sort of a promise of coming back.

Of course, the lobstermen have no gear in now, but they take a whirl at other things when they are able. As for the quohaugers, they operate in sheltered water and it has to be pretty cold and humpy to keep 'em ashore.

We've had unusually hard weather through December. There wasn't more wind than common but 'twas cold, and there was more snow. The usual number of small boats went into the ponds to drag for pugs and owing to the hard weather a few larger craft tried it also. There were some pugs there alright although the catch was not uncommonly large but those largest boats had their troubles. They hit the mud flats every fifteen minutes, so they claimed, and finally quit in deep disgust.

There were some mackerel near the island around the first of the month and a couple of the Gloucester seiners got a few about the time a good catch was made off Highland Light. None of our boys were after them, but one lad caught one big mackerel in an otter-trawl in Lagoon Pond.

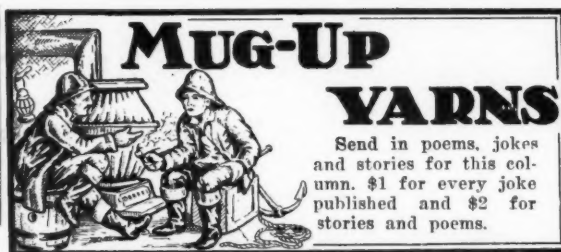
The pond fishing is just about over now, though, and the outside draggers made their last stand on Hedge Fence and Rose and Crown about the middle of the month. The eeling is over except for what few may be spared and all those that were carried up were shipped just before Christmas.

The vessels have had fair luck for the time they have been out. None of the trips have been large and there has been a general disinclination to work among the boys; a feeling which is always apparent as the holiday season approaches. Our saltiest lads have taken to the brush and marshes to shoot ducks and rabbits, even Manuel Swartz, Edgartown's boat builder has had a good whack at the sport and has brought home good bags.

Manuel is always as busy as a man with the hives in a leaky dory but he will lock up his shop when the ducks fly. There is an important job going on in Manuel's shop, however. The keel has been laid for a new catboat for Josiah Pease, one of Edgartown's quohaugers. Captain Pease is about sixty years old and has been fishing all his life, but as yet he has never owned or operated an engine. The new boat is to have one and the keel and stern-post have already been bored for the shaft. Everyone is intensely interested and is wondering what could have caused the skipper to lose confidence in the sails which have always seemed to answer his purpose.

There is a yarn floating around about one of our quohaugers which should be preserved. It seems that the said quohauger believes in cleaning up a spot before he shifts his moorings and criticized another lad for moving so often. The second then related how that they had both been fishing in three fathoms with bull-rakes and that the first man stayed in one spot until he had raked up a pile of sand that stuck out of water. Efforts are being made to verify this story, as some of the boys are afraid of grounding on one of these sand hummocks.

While we are on the subject of yarns; some of the boys are looking for some information. We have a fellow in Vineyard Haven who hails from Nova Scotia. This chap claims that where he was raised the clams grow eight feet long and that if they didn't fetch up on rocks they would grow longer. It was voted to keel-haul him but if anyone backs him up in this statement, he may escape the fate which has been planned to inflict upon him.



Send in poems, jokes and stories for this column. \$1 for every joke published and \$2 for stories and poems.

The Rubaiyat of The Trawlers

By Joseph C. Allen.

"Turn out!" Now that's a sound you don't forget.
You stagger to your feet then down you set
And haul your boots on, Gosh! but they are cold.
Jest as you might expect, and soakin' wet.
Some feller says: "I had a dream last night,
I thought we sure was slated for a fight.
I dreamt a porgie-steamer come around
And swept up every cussed trawl in sight!"

Breakfast, 'tis good, but sameness makes us yell.
Fried pork, fried cod and spuds that's fried as well;
Some bread thats harder than a skipper's heart,
And coffee, blacker than the depths of Hell.

"Swing out the dories!" Thwarts and footboards slaw
The sulky men, the jumping dories, damn!
And then pull over to the nearest trawl,
To bait the hooks with salted squid and clam.

The line comes saggin' in with cod or hake,
Short, sloppy seas against the dories break.
The hard work slowly thaws the temper out,
It starts the sweat and makes the shoulders ache.
Between the thwarts the silver fish lie deep.
Big, brawny hands the shining oar-blades sweep
As down they come, inside the schooner's lee
To pitch the fish aboard her in a heap.

"Swing in the dories!" Then we dress our catch,
And pitch 'em cold and clammy, down the hatch.
Wash down the decks and then rest up a spell
Until we go to get another batch.

More grub, then boots are dried and pipes are lit.
All hands, good-natured 'round the foc'sl sit.
A-spinnin' yarns of other men and days,
Of storms when spars were sprung and canvas split.

About the skipper, stubborn as a whale,
Who got ketched out in some fierce autumn gale,
And went to Hell a-flyin', with all hands,
Because he was too proud to shorten sail.
Of ways of keepin' clear of foul'n' hanks.
Great hauls, when folks proclaimed a day of thanks.
Of smugglin', of fights and God-knows-what,
The things that happen on the off-shore banks.

And through the stories all, this fact, you'll not,
The heroes lived and mostly died, afloat.
And they who tell the tales expect the same.
The sea their grave, their shroud, a stove-in boat.
So then, my friend, when on the ocean wave
You sail, remember them, the strong and brave.
And when your vessel runs across the banks,
Dip once your ensign to the trawlers' grave.

My Sailor Boy

O H, I love a little sailor boy,
And a sailor boy loves me,
And some day we'll go sailing
Out o'er the deep blue sea.

My sailor boy is brave,
And my sailor boy is strong,
And o'er the stiffest gale that blows
You can hear his hearty song.

His eyes hold darts of brightest fire

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The Tale of Keeno II

DURING the swordfishing season quite a good many of the Hampton boat fishermen of Casco Bay who are trawling, rig their small craft with crude pulpits and carry along a harpoon or two, and gear. On their way to and from their regular fishing grounds they frequently get within striking distance of a swordfish or a horse mackerel. Particularly lucky have they been this past summer with the horse mackerel which have frequented western Maine coast waters in great numbers. Running from 200 to 500 or more pounds and bringing as high as six and eight cents a pound they are quite naturally considered a worth while "side line."

It was horse mackerel Bernard Johnson, of Bailey Island, was looking for on a late August day, as, harpoon ready for use, he peered into the green waters in search of the telltale fins and black bulk of the sea-racer. No faster fish swims and Johnson knew that it was a case of "catch 'em on the fly" when they came within striking distance.

But instead of a speeding horse mackerel what should swim lazily under the bow of the motionless Hampton but a gigantic sea-turtle. Johnson was right over him and in an instant had crashed the barb down through the hard shell of the monster's back. A glancing blow would doubtless have been ineffective and the harpoon would probably have been turned harmlessly aside but from his point of vantage the striker did not hurl his weapon—he literally impaled his quarry.

For a few minutes the fisherman and his mate had their hands full. A turtle is supposed to be slow and lethargic

M. J. Flaherty and promptly named Keeno II. About five years ago another sea-turtle was brought in by a trawler and bought by Mr. Flaherty who turned quite a tidy sum exhibiting him alive in Portland and at Maine fairs. This was the first Keeno. The second monster lived two days before succumbing to Johnson's backbiting methods. The testudinate reptile has been mounted and will probably be exhibited.

Scientific men who have examined Keeno II estimate that he was at least 300 years old. About the time the Pilgrim fathers were getting the gang plank out on to Plymouth Rock Keeno II may have been investigating with youthful zest the interesting topography of the ocean's bottom. Not



Above: Johnson was looking for horse mackerel.



Below: Keeno, cut down in his prime at the age of 300 years.

in its movements, but a turtle with a sharp piece of steel in its anatomy doubtless has a right to upset precedents. This one snapped to life in an astonishing manner and for a while the fishermen thought they had hooked on to a bucking submarine attempting a marine Charleston.

At first the turtle headed for the Bahama Islands with the Hampton in tow, but Johnson threw his motor into reverse and the horse power developed was more than enough to offset the turtle-trotting of the captive. Yet it was a long struggle before the prize was lashed along side and towed into, Bailey Island. There, assisted by fellow fishermen, the captors succeeded in beaching their catch and transferring it to the Portland steamer.

The turtle was bought by the wholesale fish concern of

until the American colonists had fought for and gained their independence did Keeno attain his majority. During the World War he must have been approaching middle age. But for Johnson and his implement of impalement Keeno might have had a chance of outliving any human being now breathing the air of this mundane sphere for it is claimed sea-turtles live to be 400 or 500 years old.

Keeno II weighed about 1200 pounds and was a beautiful specimen of the sea-turtle. His dark green shell, tougher than the armor of knighthood days, was divided into eight longitudinal sections. Turtleogians say he should easily have lived a mere trifle of 100 or 150 years more. Poor Keeno II—cut off in his prime when no more than 300 years young!

Liverpool Jarge

BY HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.
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YARN VII.

SPRING was coming. In fact, Spring was here. You'd have known it, if you had been set down on Atlantic Avenue, blindfolded, by the gentle warmth on the back of your neck, the dust in your nose, the fresh smells from the harbor,—the clamant quarrelling of the mackerel gulls in the slips and jangle of the hurdy-gurdy over there beyond the elevated. And yet there was a bite in the air and I thrust my hands deeper in my pockets and stepped off brisk and lively, headed for Long Wharf. It was a Monday morning. The *San Jose* was due; and there was a chance that Beauregard Barrow, Beachcomber Extraordinary, might be in from the tropics. Cause enough for hurry.

A block south of Driscoll's Landing I fouled Mr. John Savage Shaghellion. Perhaps he ran me down intentionally. Anyhow, he hailed with a suspicious eagerness in his voice, hooking his gnarled claw into the front of my coat.

"Hey there, young feller," he croaked, "you're just the one I'm wantin' to see."

I had a try at fending him off. "No use, oldtimer. There's a fruiter in from Port Limon. See you later."

"Not in yet," said John. "Nothin' doin'. Six hours overdue. Now, what I wanted to see you about was that place where they sells whiskey at ten cents a glass. And very good whiskey, too, if I do say so, in a big glass with a mug of ale to go with it. That's it over there."

The old man pointed across at Crowley's, famed along the front for its gas-house cocktails.

"Very good whiskey," he repeated, "and I'm danged cold spite of the sun and all. So if you've got twenty cents on you—"

That settled it. We crossed and bellied up to the long bar. A white aproned gent with a cauliflower ear and a granite jaw demanded our cash in advance, had it, drew two four-ounce glasses of red liquor from a barrel and shoved them across the mahogany.

As Mr. Shaghellion reached for his drink a large intelligent looking cockroach slipped up over the edge of the bar and started taking a promenade for himself. John made a long arm and swiped at the insect. He missed. The truculent barkeeper turned like a flash.

"Wot th' hell!" he snarled. "Whatcher doin'! Think yer home or what?"

Mr. Shaghellion retrieved his nose-paint with the air of a man taking a desperate chance,—as indeed he probably was,—and retreated hastily to a safe distance.

"Jest takin' a slam at the danged roach," he apologized timidly.

"Oh, is that so?" mimicked the dispenser of drinks. "Jest takin' a slam at th' danged roach! Lissen, old feller. That's a tame roach. His name's Clarence. He's a gentleman. Nice thing," he rumbled with war in his voice, "nice thing when a good-behaved, law-abidin' roach can't come up for his mornin's mornin' without a tangle-whiskered old fool takin' a crack at him. I've a mind to take a crack at ye meself." He was getting red behind the ears by now and reaching nervously for the bungstarter.

"Drink yer drink and begone," he exploded, "before I lose my temper." We drank and went.

Once outside Mr. Shaghellion boiled over.

"Did you ever hear the like of that," he demanded, "Makin' a pet of a roach. And not much of a roach either. I've seen better and bigger in a dozen fo'castles. Not even a good lookin' roach. And him braggin' about the danged critter. Why I mind like yesterday a craft I shipped on called the *Kawa* with a master named Traprock on a voyage to the Filbert Islands and the roaches aboard had corkscrews

on their noses. What d'ye fancy that swab back there'd think of the likes of that?"

We leaned on the rail at the landing, and let the sun shine on us.

"He'll come to some bad end," muttered Shaghellion in his beard. Men that makes too much of dumb beasts always do. Listen and I'll tell you wot happened to Liverpool Jarge all for a duck's sake.

"Liverpool Jarge you couldn't call a sentimental man. Not that he didn't have his tender moments, because he did. But not often.

"I mind once we was layin' at Halifax and me and Jarge went ashore one night long about eight bells and run foul of a soldier man, very well educated, out of the barracks that had been savin' his pay for three months for a rainy day. And this was it. We had about twenty drinks of four-dagger rum, hot with sugar, the soldier payin', and Jarge got uncommon meller through not drinkin' much in general beyond a pint or two of bitter though willin', no end if some one else settled. This time Jarge paid for two rounds, but grumblin' so you can see he must of been well set up.

"Along around sunrise we all hove to in a little eatin' place back of the docks and Jarge had a bloater. When he see the fish layin' on the plate in front of him he begins to blubber.

"Pore lil fish," he says, 'all cold an' dead.'

"And he goes on to say very likely it's got a wife and orphan sardines starvin' when it ought to be free and alive in the sea instead of dead on the plate of some bloody, thiev'in' blighter of a eatin' house keeper. And he puts his head down on his arms and fair bellered. The educated soldier speaks up and says how the herrin' is a very immoral fish and likely this one had a million wives and maybe he got what was due him.

"When Jarge heard that he stopped cryin' and got very savage and stabbed the bloater with a fork and broke the plate. And when the man come in and says we had to pay for the plate Jarge bashed him with half of it layin' his head open and we hooked it. We got back to the ship all right and Jarge ate the bloater settin' on the after hatch coamin' and turned in very cheerful and thirsty.

"Well, that showed he had a soft spot in him somewhere but it didn't no way account for what happened on the *Shannon* with the duck. Me and Jarge shipped out of Liverpool on the *Shannon* and a dirty, lousy, bad-found hooker she was with a shark-faced, pot-bellied Yankee skipper fond of high livin' himself but the grub the crew wot was a fair crime. The rich grub that went aft out of the galley was enough to make mutiny on any craft. We shipped a sow and eight pigs and twenty hens, no less, and a duck that got put in by mistake, all for the skipper's table.

"First day out Jarge see the duck gettin' pecked up somethin' cruel by the hens and he took it out and tied it by the leg forrard of the fo'castle with a bit of marlin'. And right away Jarge seemed to fall in love with the duck. He stole swill for it from the pigs and choice bits out of the galley and got himself disliked. And he named it Sir Francis Drake though it was a she duck, but Jarge said not.

"He fought six rounds with a big Cockney named Dink Dawkins that said it was a she duck and wanted it named Evelyn for a girl he had, and got licked somethin' cruel owin' to not havin' his brass knucks on him. After that Jarge seemed to go mad over Sir Francis. He'd lead her up and down the deck for exercise and the two of 'em was a sight. I never noticed before but Jarge waddled just like Sir Fran-

(Continued on Page 24)



News from THE Provinces

FOR the fifth consecutive month, Nova Scotia's fish catch continues to show a marked increase. The increase in the catch has gone forward by leaps and bounds, and according to Ward Fisher, Chief Fisheries Inspector for the Eastern Division of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, the catch for all varieties of fish for 1926 will likely reach 320,000,000 pounds in comparison to 247,000,000 pounds for 1925. An increase of perhaps 70,000,000 pounds can be expected for 1926.

The catch for November was 16,586,500 pounds having a landed value of \$343,757 as compared with 12,943,200 pounds valued at \$298,156 for the same period of 1925. The principal landings of cod, were: Canso district, 2,005,800 lbs., Halifax 1,322,800 lbs., Lunenburg 524,300 lbs., North Sydney 596,500 lbs., Inverness 424,600 lbs., Lockeport 276,000 lbs., Digby 259,700 lbs., Liverpool 228,000 lbs., Richmond 253,800 lbs.

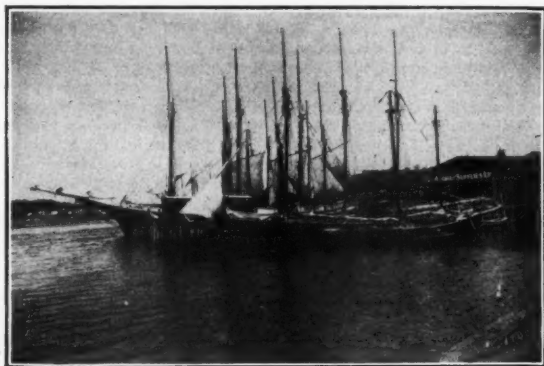
The chief landings of the haddock catch for November, were: Halifax 1,603,600 lbs., Canso 726,000 lbs., Digby 449,100 lbs., Inverness 328,800 lbs., Lockeport 210,500 lbs., Liver-

The schooner *R. L. McKenzie*, Captain Roy Martin, engaged in fishing out of Lockeport broke from her moorings and was driven ashore. Fishing boat *Shoanna*, Captain Percy Blades, was in danger of being wrecked so, she with a number of smaller crafts were beached at Shelburne Harbor. Part of the Public wharf at North East Harbor, together with a baiting shed which stood on it and 30 tubs and trawls were carried away by the storm. Two Lunenburg schooners, the *Daisy Marguerite* and the *Carl Creaser* that were laid up from fishing for the winter went ashore at Kraut Point. The large fishing boat *Francis Mason* went ashore at Fox Island. The fishing schooner *Araucania* was driven ashore in Lockeport Harbor.

While there was no loss of life resulting from the storm it cost the fishermen thousands of dollars, in the fixing of boats, wharves and the renewing of gear carried away by the storm. The storm was accompanied by an unusually high tide, which crept over the tops of wharves into fish stores, causing a lot of damage to the dried fish. Fish stagings were also carried away.

The lobster season for Halifax county section of Nova Scotia opened the first of December. Up till the time of the storm the fishermen were reported taking good catches. While it is not known officially how much gear was lost by the lobster fishermen in the province, it is understood that very few of those who did lose their gear, would be able to continue the lobster fisheries the rest of the season. At Herring Cove it was reported that the fishermen had lost 1200 traps.

The schooner *Fishborn*, Captain Arthur Himmelman went ashore near Cape Traverse, P. E. I. The vessel was formerly the racing schooner *Canadia*, once prominent as a contender in the Nova Scotia Fishermen's race. The vessel was



VIEWS OF LUNENBURG HARBOR.

pool 197,500 lbs. In regards the mackerel catch, Halifax led with 348,000 lbs., Cumberland led in smelts with 175,000 lbs., being an increase of 162,000 lbs., compared with November, 1925. The scallop catch was 8,910 gallons shelled. Of this quantity Digby produced 5,232 gallons and the Chester district 3,675 gallons.

The November catch put the production for the year "well over the top", exceeding the 300,000,000 lbs. mark. For the five months from September 1st, the total landings were 191,311,250 lbs. as compared with 133,752,844 lbs. for the same period during 1925, showing an increase of 57,558,406 lbs. For the eleven months of 1926 from January 1st, the total catch was 302,120,850 lbs., as compared with 247,000,000 lbs. for the whole of 1925.

The markets for fresh and smoked fish for November were good. There was little demand for dried and pickled fish, consequently the price for these products continued to rule low. Squid continued in great abundance all along the coast, and in some sections were a nuisance to the fishermen. The cold storage plants took all the space permitted. The supply will greatly aid the cod and haddock fisheries the coming year.

Another heavy storm, accompanied with a blinding snow blizzard on December 6, swept the Nova Scotia coast, causing eleven vessels to be swept ashore. Besides blocking the highways, disrupting transportation service, it caused untold damage to wharves and fishing gear.

launched at Shelburne. She was later equipped with auxiliary power and renamed the *Fishborn* to engage in freighting. It was then that Captain Himmelman was appointed commander of her.

The death of Captain James Winters of Mahone Bay occurred during the early part of December. He was a well known Captain in the fishing industry of the small community, having sailed the schooners *C. U. Mader I* and *C. U. Mader II*, also the *Saratoga*. He was 71 years old and is survived by a wife and four children.

The schooner *Jean and Shirley*, Captain Newman Wharton arrived at Lunenburg after the heavy storm the early part of December. The vessel rode through the storm and brought 25,000 pounds of fresh fish to port.

Despite the bad weather at the first of the month, some of the smaller communities report that the lobster catch has surpassed all expectations and is the best for many years. The demand for lobsters has been good. Several agents, representing American firms have been visiting the small communities.

The Government Patrol boat A, in command of Captain Baker towed one of the scallop boats that was in distress into Digby the 10th of the month. The scallop boat was operated by Gerald Syda, who had been taking advantage of the calm weather to drag till early morning. The boat had struck a sunken log putting her propeller out of commission.

(Continued on Page 24)



By the Fisherman's Doctor.

The editor has a letter from Doctor Gage as follows:

I fell and broke several blood vessels in my leg and phlebitis set in, and for three weeks I have been dangerously sick and absolutely helpless, dependent on others to live at all. Although the doctors, for the second time in my experience, ordered me to die, I am so possessed with obstinacy and cussedness that I refused, and am now getting better with the chances that I will come through and perhaps, for a more or less indefinite time, be among the effectives.

I haven't been able to carry on my usual correspondence to keep in touch with the fishermen, but am sending what I can this month. They ordered me to remain still and do nothing, but here I am propped up in a chair with my leg useless, and the old typewriter on a board over my lap, though really I haven't any lap, trying to punch out a little dope for the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN.

I think that maybe when they are all assembled to celebrate my funeral, the parson will have to wait 'till I am dragged to serve as the corpse.

Give my best good wishes to all the bunch, yourself included.

Sincerely,

ISAAC B. GAGE, M. D.

All the bunch, ourselves included, sincerely wish Dr. Gage a speedy and complete recovery to his old, jolly self. Dr. Gage has long been a steady contributor to our columns and the news which he gives every month is a source of pleasure and information to our readers, so they say. He is a practicing physician, and so only writes for us because he is interested in the fishermen to the extent of being willing to help the "Fisherman's Magazine." Many a time he has gone far out of his way to see fishermen who have a bit of news, and then has gone home after a hard night's work at his profession and sat up to send in his items. Readers who have never seen the Doctor can get a perfect picture of him by visualizing Santa Claus without the beard.

AT Swan's Island most of the Mackerel Cove and Joyce's Beach fishermen, because they have no adequate harbor, when winter storms and ice beset them, have their boats hauled out on the bank for winter. Some few, however, have moved their craft and gear to Minto and from that base carry on at lobstering as regularly as the weather permits. Results in lobsters vary from very good to very poor. Old Harbor fishermen average a good winter's work. Prices paid by the smacks have been from forty to fifty cents a pound, and it is worth while for the fishermen.

The Parnell Lobster Company's smack, *Trimembrat*, has gathered in some good cargoes of lobsters at and near Beals Island and brought them to Rockland.

The boat building plan of Edward L. Beal at Beals has been destroyed by fire.

Capt. L. H. Simmons schooner, *Annie Louise*, has made some profitable trips to Portland with lobsters.

The severe storms of the past few weeks have been hard on the lobstermen and have destroyed much gear, and the coast lobstermen when winter conditions prevent setting out will be unusually busy making and fitting new traps.

Scallop fishermen in Passamaquoddy Bay have been much hampered by bad weather, but have done very well and prices have been high, and limited amounts of scallops have been available for local, retail trade at about a dollar a quart.

The lobster smack, *Speedwell*, about fifteen tons capacity, of the Consolidated Lobster Company of Boston, was lost in a snowstorm early in the month, going ashore on "the Old Hump" a ledge between Monhegan and Friendship, and was a total loss. Her crew, Capt. Cleveland Burns and Engineer Ray Sherman, both from Friendship had a very perilous experience from three o'clock in the morning till the following

evening and would have perished had not the smack, *Grace M. Cribby*, providentially come to their rescue. The *Cribby* is owned by the same concern. The lost craft was valued at \$7,000.

Smelting hut villages are beginning to appear in many places and smelt are becoming more plentiful. Plenty are being caught around Verona Island and in the river near Winterport. The smelt camp village on Winnegance is thriving and one of the fishermen broke through the other day but didn't get as many smelt by going down after them as he did by luring them up through the ice with bait and hook. The smelters are getting ready for an active season at Bayside.

At Bangor on Dec. 21st, the Sardine Fisheries of Maine Corporation was organized with the following officers:—President, Robert J. Peacock, of North Lubec; Vice-President, P. L. Smithers of Chicago; Treasurer, Carlton M. Pike of Lubec; Assistant Treasurer, John R. Holmes of Eastport; Clerk, Ernest R. Holmes of Eastport. Each member of the corporation is a director, and a million dollars is expected to be raised to be used in advertising, by levying ten cents on each case of sardines packed by a member concern. It is intended that this levy shall not affect the price of sardines. With one hundred and eighty millions of cans of sardines packed in a year in Maine, the idea ought to prove very practical and will undoubtedly boost the sardine industry and help to boom Maine, and its fisheries. The executive committee besides the officers mentioned above includes A. C. Ramsdell of Lubec, A. L. Blanchard of Eastport, Andrew Clark of Eastport and W. H. Morrison of Stockton Springs.

The steam trawler, *Osprey*, has recently been taken to Boston by the Portland Trawling Company to be reconditioned.

At Bucksport the Nicholson Fish Company is still doing business and by the last of the month a vessel will be fitted out and sent to the banks for Cod, and the fish will be processed at the Bucksport plant, boxed and shipped.

Eastport schoolboys are busy at this season peddling large, fresh herring which are abundant in the bay, and they find many customers for these succulent fish which are sold cheaply and are considered good food. They deliver shucked clams for twenty-five cents a quart. A few scallops are sold at a dollar a quart.

Smack, *Louise McLoon* has been in Eastern Harbor, South Addison, for lobsters.

Harold Grindle of Castine who has been engaged with the local sardine factory has gone to Somesville for the rest of the winter.

Cod, pollock and haddock are plentiful and find ready sale. G. H. Carver of Beals has returned from Grand Manan with another cargo of lobsters, which he has taken to Rockland.

The Underwood factory is now engaged in making fish-hash, having recently received a large shipment of potatoes for the purpose.

The fishermen at Gott's Island, lost many traps and much gear in the recent storm.

Dozens of fishermen's boats have been destroyed by the fierce storms of the past month on the eastern coast.

Three members of the fishing schooner, *Clarence*, were picked up off Nantucket by the steamer, *Carma*, and were landed at Philadelphia.

The good people and fishermen of Massachusetts better take notice that no less an authority than Captain Frederick William Wallace says that before long, they will be taking down the sacred codfish from its station under the gilded dome of the State House on Beacon Hill to yield place to its worthy successor, the firm fleshed haddock.

It surely were no idle bar-room jest, as they used to say, for the tasty haddock may be the savior, verily, of the New England fisheries. Within our own experience here, standing watch on the rock-ribbed Coast of Maine, for the last forty years more or less, we have seen the cod losing its position of pre-eminence, and the haddock steadily gaining in public favor and in value. Haddock have been and continue to be plentiful, and have wide, natural distribution in the seas, are easy to catch and easy to handle and to market. They stand transportation better than the cod. Last year's catch, considering total catch, if not the highest, ranked very near it, in the list of marketable fish, and this year's catch and market record cannot be much less and in my opinion may exceed. Have been confined by illness and unable to have all the accurate data before me, so am unable to talk cold, but accurate and meaning, statistics.

Items from



Great South Bay

By Lloyd C. Harris.

WITH the death at Patchogue, L. I., the last week of December Captain Gilbert Moger at the ripe old age of 92, the Great South Bay has lost another of its most picturesque and best known characters, and with his demise another of the real old school of seafarers to whom the water held a never-ending charm has passed from the waterfront. For three score years Cap'n Gil, as he was known to every one along the south shore of Long Island, held a unique position among the fishermen and baymen in the esteem in which he was held.

Born there on a farm, the roll of the sea early caught his fancy and he went into the fishing business. For years he answered the call of the sea by running oysters from the Virginia Capes to West Tenth Street in New York when that was the fish center of the metropolis. Then about sixty years ago the dean of South Bay oystermen and fisherman sailed back into the Great South Bay aboard the *Black Swan*. Day after day for years and years he sailed out of the bay from here, striding the deck of the trim craft, oystering and fishing, here, there and everywhere in the bay and outside, for Gil was a regular skipper.

Then blindness began to creep upon him little by little so he luffed the *Black Swan* into the bay, dropped anchor and made his home aboard her. Winters came and went and the ice crunched against her sides and little by little her seams cracked. Then Cap'n Gill, now entirely blind, again heaved anchor and dragged his craft up into the Patchogue River, and there, within sight of the tossing waves, the *Black Swan* came to rest again. Gil continued his solitary life aboard her but it wasn't exactly a solitary life for hardly a day passed that there was not a goodly number of old salts, and young ones, too, aboard to hear the blind skipper recount the days that are now history.

But last spring the *Swan* caught fire and those who hurried to the scene found old Gil, fine old seaman that he was, bailing her out and in his blindness, trying to patch the craft here and there. They fixed her up and took Gil away to live his last few months on land. And so he died, away from the creaking of the ropes and the joints, removed from the salt tang of the sea and from the scenes of his long and happy life. But his dying request was that the *Black Swan* die with him.

So when the day of his funeral came the *Black Swan* was rigged up for a regular sea voyage, her dingy sail was set and with her sea scarred sides drawing water she was towed out to sea and burned and as Cap'n Gil was being lowered into his final resting place his old craft was dying a seaman's death as she slowly sunk into the watery deep.

Local shipyards are all doing a booming winter business after a summer of comparative inactivity. Samuel Newey, veteran ship builder of Brookhaven is turning out sea going vessels for scallop fishing as fast as his forces can set them

We note with interest and approval that the national highway authorities, if not most of the state authorities, and the latter are getting the practical viewpoint more and more, are leaning to the opinion that it is cheaper to keep the highways of traffic open than to have suspension of business due to roads clogged with snow and impassable three or four months in the winter. This belief and it's practical outcome would gain more adherents if they took notice of it's practical working in Hancock County, even if only as it relates to the fisheries. Through the active efforts of adjacent Boards of Trade and voluntary financing the main trunk line to and beyond Bangor from Southwest Harbor has been kept open, and daily motor trucks have brought fish, freshly caught and dressed, from the shore fisheries to the inland towns and all hands have benefitted, the worthy fishermen who braved the rigors of the ocean in winter, the fish handlers, the transporters, the retailers, and more important, the consumers, can, and do have plenty of the nicest, tastiest and healthy food available.

up and get them off the ways. A few weeks ago he launched a large vessel which went into service about 40 miles off Fire Island and as soon as this one was off the ways another equally large vessel was started when the keel was laid for the second fishing schooner to be built this winter. During the summer the ship building industry, one of the principal enterprises of this section of the south shore, was especially dull but things began to brighten up in October and since then all of the yards in this vicinity have been busy turning out both commercial and pleasure craft.

Fine catches of scallops and oysters are being made by the fleets that operate out of here each week but several of the boats have been considerably hindered in their operations by heavy ice that has choked the Great South Bay and settled in around the docks here. All of the sea scallopers are averaging about 200 bushels a trip this month, which is considered a fair catch for this time of year. At present they are fishing in the banks off Fire Island and since many of the craft are getting their catches as far as 40 miles off the mainland.

During the past week many of the boats have run into difficulties on the homeward trip and ice off Nicoll's Point has piled up to such an extent that several of the boats are forced to anchor in at Bay Shore for the present. Several of the boats came in much the worse for their contact with the ice floes this week and the first to report a casualty was the *Adjo-Grace*, owned by Captain Cornelius Zegel, which stove two holes in her bow when she struck heavy ice in the bay. Among the oyster boats the *Rosella*, owned by Frederick Oekers, had two holes stove in her bow and had to be hauled onto the ways for repairs before putting out again. The *G. Vander Borgh* and the *George Brush* had their rudders broken off while the reverse gear of the *Theodore Roosevelt* was broken off, putting her out of commission for a few days. In the meantime the baymen are hoping for better sailing conditions that will not hamper their operations, as they have been during the past week or two.

Exhausted after a ten hours fight in the maw of an angry sea another thrilling chapter in the history of hardy men was written last week when the crew of the *Captain Lew* were rescued by the *Fay G.* nine miles west of Fire Island light just as the doomed craft started to go down into the raging waters. Not in several moons has a sea tragedy been so narrowly averted or a rescue more courageous and thrilling been made.

On Tuesday morning preceding the end of the old year Captain Van Essendelft, Martin Lamans, and John Oekers put out from their temporary dock here with the scallopers' fleet on the *Captain Lew* to bring in the New Year's supply of sea food. As the *Captain Lew* made her way out into the bay among the ice floes the crew noted a thud as though some submerged object had been hit but no damage could be found. In the meantime a heavy blow was coming up but a mild gale in no way deters these fishermen. All day the small fleet engaged in their fishing activities off Fire Island but as evening came and the storm raged on in increasing intensity the fleet started towards Fire Island Inlet with their valuable cargoes. Just as they were starting for the Inlet the *Captain Lew* began to leak, at first just a little, but in a short time a great deal. For a while the crew tried to keep the water out of the boat but as the storm reached a tempest stage the small crew found themselves fighting vainly but valiantly against hopeless odds.

In the meantime the storm had scattered the boats and Captain Van Essendelft sent up a distress signal, and none too soon, for only the *Fay G.* saw the signal and she at once responded. Captain John Griek of the *Fay G.* sent a tow line aboard and headed for Sheepshead Bay, figuring on having easier towing along the shore than in trying to sail to the Inlet. When about five miles off the lightship it became evident that the leaking boat would have to be abandoned, for the water was running in all the time and already the boat had started to founder.

Then, with mountainous seas surging about, and at the risk of having his own craft smashed in a collision, Captain Griek succeeded in drawing the *Fay G.* alongside the sinking vessel and the crew was taken off the boat, standing waist deep in water in the pit of the boat. The tow line was cut and the *Captain Lew* left to the mercy of the storm and sea as the *Fay G.* started a long pull into Sayville, finally getting into the harbor late Wednesday.

A search for the *Captain Lew* failed to reveal any trace of the 40 foot motor trawler but the crew are content that they were saved from a like fate on a deep and storm tossed sea.



By M. E. McNulty.

THAT the Canadian department of fisheries should make a determined attempt to replenish and protect the oyster beds of the maritime provinces is the opinion of J. D. Irving of Buctouche, N. B., for many years identified with the oyster fishing industry.

Mr. Irving states that because of lack of protection from the Canadian government, the Buctouche area has dropped from one of the most prolific oyster shipping sections of Canada and in fact, America, to one of the least important. Until 1924 it was no unusual shipping volume of approximately 4,500 barrels of oysters from the Buctouche region in the course of a year. For 1926 the number of barrels shipped did not exceed 500 barrels. The reason for the radical decrease was that the beds had been depleted, with absolutely no protection offered by the Canadian government in preserving the oysters.

The demand for the Buctouche oysters is reported as keen and according to Mr. Irving an order came in for 10,000 barrels from a London concern. Whereas hundreds of men were connected with oyster fishing at Buctouche a dozen years ago, only a few men are interested today, most of the men having been compelled to concentrate on other fishing or move to the United States. A large number of men went to Connecticut and Long Island and also Rhode Island, and became affiliated with the oyster fishing industry there.

If the Canadian government would become interested and provide a goodly measure of protection for the beds and take steps to replenish them, it is the opinion of Mr. Irving that in a few years the Buctouche region will regain most of its old oyster prestige. Those who have remained in the industry there have been endeavoring to make the fishing profitable and have succeeded fairly well, but there is no opportunity for others. One group of men took over several beds that were adjudged lifeless, about three years ago, and have achieved splendid results under limited possibilities.

Mr. Irving states that orders are coming in at intervals for large shipments of the Buctouche oysters from English firms but that there are no oysters to fill the orders. There are many orders also from the United States, chiefly from Boston and New York. Up to about six years ago, a large proportion of the Buctouche oysters were shipped to the Boston and New York markets.

An effort is being made to have the Canadian department of fisheries interest itself in the replenishing of the beds at Buctouche and also providing protection for them after they are replenished. In the past, attempts made by the fishermen to obtain the protection of the government authorities failed, but now that the industry has fallen to its present position, the government may step in and endeavor to revive it. In the opinion of the oystermen at Buctouche, if the government offers an intensive program of help, it will be but a question of two or three years that the industry will be greatly revived, if not attaining the mark set until the decline set in.

Not only have the beds at Buctouche collapsed as revenue producers. Those at Malpeque are now almost worthless. Ten years ago shipments of Malpeque oysters reached approximately 4,000 barrels annually. Now only a few hundred barrels are shipped yearly. As in the Buctouche area, the Malpeque beds have become exhausted, through lack of protection, and thus far no help has been offered toward replenishing these beds, although hopes are expressed for a helpful program during 1927.

The start of smelt fishing in Bathurst harbor was later than for last season. This was due to ice forming later than the preceding winter. With the harbor solidly frozen, numerous shacks were transported to the ice, in varying locations, and the fishing opened. The smelts are boxed at

Bathurst and shipped to various destinations, chiefly to the Boston and New York markets although some are shipped to Montreal and Toronto, and other shipments made to maritime provinces cities. For the 1925-1926 season more smelts were shipped out of the Bathurst section to the United States than ever before, and the bulk of these went to Boston and New York, with some to Philadelphia, Baltimore, etc. It was not until about ten years ago that the development of smelt fishing at Bathurst harbor and basin became marked. Hitherto, the home markets had consumed the catches, with consequent limited demand. With the extension of the scope to include the Boston and New York markets, the demand doubled and then trebled. It is now estimated that the gross catch is at least four times what it was ten years ago. Fishermen who had fished all through the spring, summer and fall and then gone into logging for the winter are now fishing smelt through the winter.

The smelt fishermen of South and Straight Bays have been making excellent catches since the start of the season. It has been noticed that a proportion of the smelt have been unusually large. Practically all the smelt caught in the South and Straight Bays are shipped in boxes to the Boston market. At Oak Bay, also, large catches of the smelt have been made.

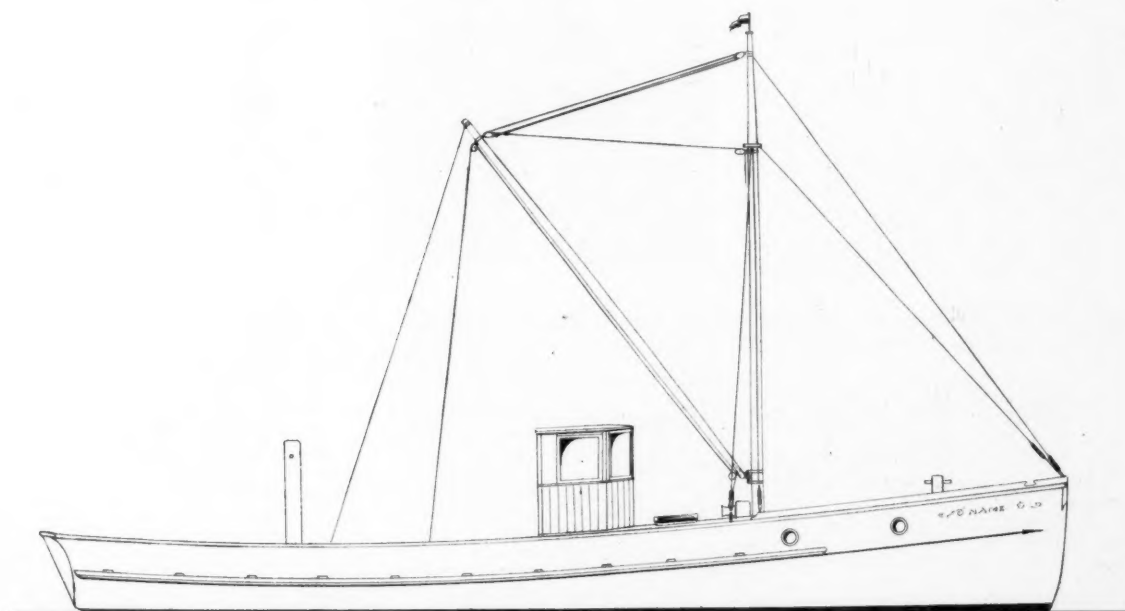
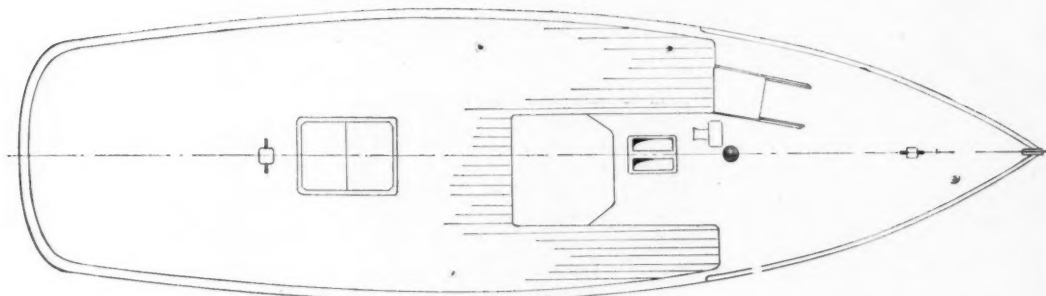
A difference of opinion exists among some of the smelters as to the roving proclivities of the smelt species. There are men who contend that the smelt is a natural roamer and moves as far as hundreds of miles from where it was hatched. Others maintain the smelt rarely penetrates more than ten miles from its hatching waters, keeping moving back and forth through that radius. It is agreed the smelt sticks close to the shores of the harbors, basins, bays and coves.

Among the fishermen who have been making big catches in the South and Straight Bays this season is Willard Ramsdell. He has been shipping all his catches in boxes to Boston, finding a ready demand for the fish in the Hub. Mr. Ramsdell was very much surprised recently to find about three dozen young salmon in his smelt nets. It was the first time the salmon had been netted by a smelt fisher in that area and Mr. Ramsdell, originally deduced they were not salmon, but a cross between salmon and some other fish. It was recalled that a large school of salmon made a run up the Dennys River during the summer, and these were their descendants, no doubt. The fish measured about a foot long.

Efforts are being made to have the Bay View life saving station reopened. Without activities being resumed at this station the fishermen operating out of Digby and other ports in Digby and Annapolis counties are faced with great danger. An illustration of this was afforded recently. Gerald Syda, engaged in scallop fishing, decided to avail himself of some calm weather that was prevailing, and started dragging for scallops off Digby in the Bay of Fundy. He worked all night, and in the morning the propeller collided with a submerged log, breaking the propeller. The boat drifted about in the bay, and with foul weather brewing Mr. Syda's prospects were gloomy. The mishap occurred almost in front of the abandoned life saving station. And had the crew been stationed there, the boat would have been picked up in a few moments. However, it was many hours later that the distress signal of the scallop boat was seen by Capt. Baker, commanding a government patrol boat headed into Digby. The result was the towing of the disabled craft into a Digby wharf where repairs were made to the propeller. A coincidence was that the patrol boat was en route to Digby to moor at the government pier for the balance of the winter. With no adequate patrol boat in the service during the winter, and no life saving station open at Bay View, there is uneasiness among the fishermen and their families this winter. The Canadian government looks to be taking a chance on sacrificing lives in favor of false economy.

Will the use of John Allen's Island among the Tusquets be denied the fishing interests? Efforts are now made to secure a definite judicial ruling. Two years ago, the island was expropriated by the Nova Scotia government. Ownership of the land had been claimed by three individuals including one woman and a dual partnership. Until two years ago controversies raged between the land owners or claimants and fishing interests who utilized the island as a base of operations, particularly in the lobster fishing. With the taking over of the island by the provincial govern-

Quahaug Dragger Design



Length 45 feet
Beam, 12 feet, 6 inches
Draft 4 feet, 10 inches

Designed by
MINOT & OLSEN, INC.

ment two years ago it was believed the controversies were ended, but a fresh dispute has developed, culminating in court action. Indications are that it will not be until February that a decision will be rendered. Several hearings will be necessary to complete the case.

Mug-Up Yarns

(Continued from Page 16)

*Reflected from the sun,
And he had won my heart away
Before he'd half begun.*

*Oh, I have learned to tack and weigh,
And how to hoist a sail;
I can row or scull or steer a ship,
Predict a storm or gale.*

*I have no fear of the wildest wave
When he holds me by the hand;
While he has the helm, the mighty wheel,
I fear not rock or strand.*

*Oh, he has asked me soft and low
If I his bride will be,
And live in a little cottage
Beside the blue, blue sea.*

*Oh, with a one as strong as he
Pray what else could I do?
So now he's on the rolling sea,
But he has my promise true.*

*So soon he's coming back, I know,
And so happy I shall be;
For, I love a little sailor boy
And a sailor boy loves me.*

Submitted by MABEL L. KENNEDY,
Pemaquid Beach, Maine.

Who's Who Among the Skippers

BY CAPTAIN CHARLTON L. SMITH

Captain Thomas M. Somers

Born—Port Mulgrave, N. S., 1866.

Age—60.

Early Years—

Came to Gloucester at age of eighteen and first went with Captain Albert Greenlaw in schooner *David F. Lowe*.

Next haddocking for two years with well-known Captain Captain Frank Payson, owner of the *S. F. Maker*.

Commands—

Haddocker *Sarah*, Charles Pew owner.

Six years in vessel which Mr. Pew had designed by Captain Mel McClain and built by Story for Captain Somers.

Also master in the *Sylvanus Smith* fleet and of the speedy



Tartar, from B. B. Crown-inshield's design.

Francis J. O'Hara, O'Hara Brothers.

Yachts—

Nine years in *Thyessa III* for Demeresque Lloyd, contender in Bermuda race.

Several seasons *Shawna*, Elmer J. Bliss.

Two years schooner yacht *Seneca*, wintering in West Indies.

Three years *Princess*, and one in power yacht *Bertha*, a hundred footer.

A season for William Whitman in auxiliary yawl *Spalpeen*.

Three years in Lawley built *Paprika* for H. F. Lippert.

At present in charge of schooner *Mistral*, the ex-*Ranger*, *Timandra*, *Ranger* and *Water Witch*, owned by Howard C. Perry of Portland.

Maine Boat Fishing in Winter

(Continued from Page 14)

At Monhegan the legal lobster fishing season begins November 1 and ends June 25. After that not a pot is put down until the next Fall. This Winter about thirty islanders are fishing between 5,000 and 6,000 traps. Each man operates a string of from 100 to 200 and they are likely to make from \$1,500 to \$3,000 apiece for their season's work.

While hauling lobster traps up through forty to sixty fathoms of water is man's work, most of the island lobstermen use power lifters. Moreover they are not obliged to go out of sight of their own homes to reach their strings. Their labors are not nearly so onerous as those of the winter small boat fishermen of the inner shores who must not only fight the ice, but also make an uncomfortable trip of fifteen or twenty miles to and from the fishing grounds.

Liverpool Jarge

(Continued from Page 18)

cis and his nose got all swelled up and flat like a bill where it got bit in the fight. The duck liked Jarge and would look up at him and quack and Jarge would quack back. After a bit he got so he quacked in his sleep and took to hissing through his teeth like Sir Francis when she was cross and took to takin' the duck to sleep with him in his bunk. He picked the feathers of Sir Francis' chest gentle and planned to have a fancy design tattooed there when we got to Baltimore. That showed the lengths he went.

"Unluckily, Sir Francis got fat with good feedin' and one day the old man noticed and ordered her for dinner. When Jarge heard of it he tried to break into the galley with a capstan bar and kill the cook, and it took six men to hold him. But he was too late. Sir Francis was sizzlin' in the pan.

"After he heard the worst, Jarge set on the forrard bitts and cried about two hours, and then he got very calm and said how he was goin' to do the right thing and give Sir Francis a funeral. He had the head and feet and feathers and guts off the cook and the bones after the skipper had picked 'em and sewed 'em all up very stealthily in a bit of canvas with a belayin' pin. He cried a little while he was doin' it and cursed a good deal and wished he could sew the old man in too to make it complete. He planned to have the funeral along in the middle of the night and asked Dawkins, who was an artist on the concertina, if I do say so, to play 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' but Dawkins refused, though he said he'd be glad to play at Jarge's funeral and hoped to sometime. So me and Jarge was the only ones at the funeral.

"The old girl was snorin' along in a stiff breeze from the port quarter, heeled over near scuppers under and darker than the inside of a nigger when we went forrard to where there was a dim glow from the ridin' lights, and Jarge climbed over the rail, holdin' Sir Francis's corpse in his right hand and holdin' on with his left. He had a piece of an old prayer book in his shirt, and said for me to get it out and read. I couldn't find it, and tickled Jarge feelin' round, and he squirmed and swore and let go to help and over he went.

"I sung out, 'Man overboard,' and they stopped the ship and got the boats over, but we never found Jarge. It's my opinion he done it on purpose. And that shows when a sailorman gets sentimental over a dumb beast or anythin' he's likely to go balmy in the nob."

News from the Provinces

(Continued from Page 19)

Two of the Lunenburg fishing fleet made voyages to the West Indies with cargoes of fish in December. Schooner *Mayotte*, Captain George Himmelman with fish from Zwicker and Company was nine and a half days from Lunenburg to Porto Rico. The *Mayotte* was highliner of the fleet during the past season and was mentioned as a possible contender



Cap'n Allswell says:

"Just changin' over to a Columbian often makes a poor boat good, an' always makes a good boat better!"

(Write for "Propellers in a Nut Shell")

The Columbian Bronze Corp., 224 N. Main St. Freeport, L. I., N. Y.
New York City Sales, 44 Third Avenue

COLUMBIAN *Bronze* PROPELLERS



in the schooner races off Halifax last fall. The schooner *Robert J. Knickle* recently launched made her maiden trip at the same time, leaving Lunenburg a day after the *Mayotte*. The vessel completed her trip in eight and a half days to San Juan.

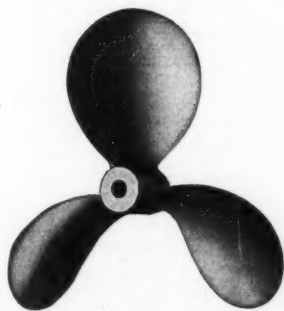
Due to the number of accidents that have happened to the Digby Scallop fleet during the past season, a strong representation has been made to the Department of Marine and Fisheries for a boat, that could be used for the protection of the fleet. The patrol boat *F. B. T.*, will be kept in commission at Digby till some decision is reached. A number of the fishermen are anxious to have the Bay View Life Saving Sta-

tion reopened and an up-to-date life boat put in commission.

The following Gloucester fishing schooners were reported at Sandy Point, Dec. 15:—*Acushla*, Captain Iver Carlson; *Imperator*, Captain Andrew Decker; *Joffre*, Captain Wallace Bruce; *Henry Ford*, Captain Whittle; *Laura Goulart*, Captain John Goulart; *Ruth and Margaret*, Captain Val O'Neil; *Bay State*, Captain Doucette; *Dacia*, Captain Percy Firth.

The following catches were reported landed at Lockeport, Dec. 16:—*Big Jimsie*, 25,000 lbs.; *Francis G. Roue*, 20,000 lbs.; *Julio II*, 12,000 lbs.; *Cupola*, 9,000 lbs.; *Opitsa*, 9,000 lbs.; *Lucille M.*, 8,000 lbs.; *Jellico* 5,000 lbs. The vessels fished on the Roway Bank.

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SPEED—
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RELIABILITY



Every Hyde Propeller Is Guaranteed Against Breakage

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ZR4—4 cylinder, 40 H.P.
F2—2 cylinder, 18 H.P.
F3—3 cylinder, 25 H.P.
F4—4 cylinder, 35 H.P.
F6—6 cylinder, 50 H.P.
NK2—2 cylinder, 25 H.P.
NK3—3 cylinder, 35 H.P.
NK4—4 cylinder, 50 H.P.
NK6—6 cylinder, 80 H.P.
VH—4 cylinder, 14 H.P.
VHL—4 cylinder, 20 H.P.
Little Huskie,
4 cylinder, 15 H.P.

Palmer Bros. Engines, Inc.

Cos Cob, Conn., U. S. A.



*But I that lighten and revel and roll
With the foam of a plunging sea
No sign is mine of a breathing soul
That God should pity me.*

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WHEN she rolls or pitches in heavy seas, if her seams are tight she'll ride it right and keep her cargo dry. Old Timers, up and down the coast and 'cross the seas, know that—

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right-caulked into the seams, will make the ship tight and keep the cargo dry. Nearly a century of service has proved its superiority and reliability. Be sure you get Stratford Oakum. Do not accept a substitute. There is none "just as good."

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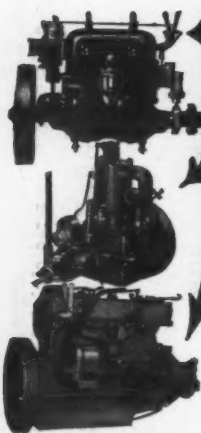
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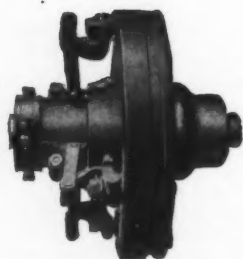
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Built in Boston, Boston service. In construction this clutch is the simplest friction clutch made. The power is transmitted directly through two substantial flat disks. The disks and shafts are kept in line by heavy ball bearings, eliminating all bearing troubles.

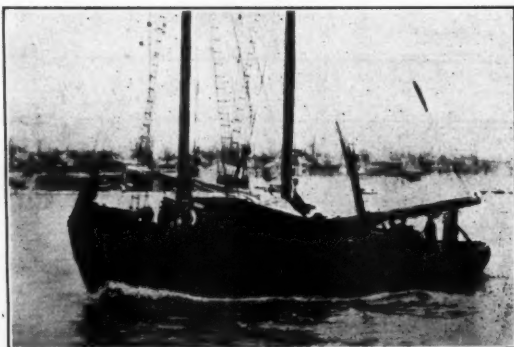
By the use of this friction clutch the trawling gear is under perfect control at all times. It can be stopped and started under load.

Standard Equipment on Nesco Trawling Gear

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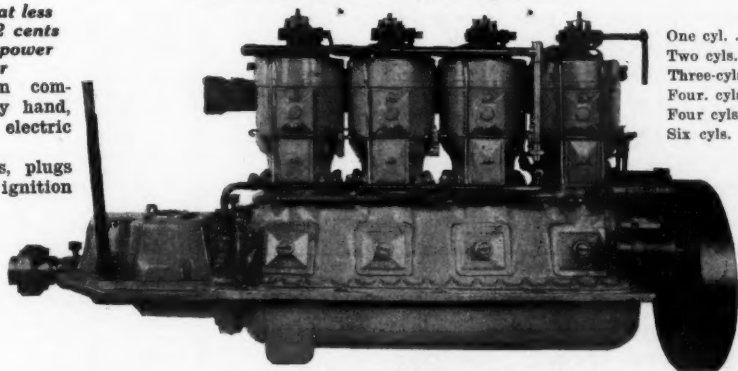
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There are no threaded joints—gasketed flanges are used throughout. Anyone can install it.

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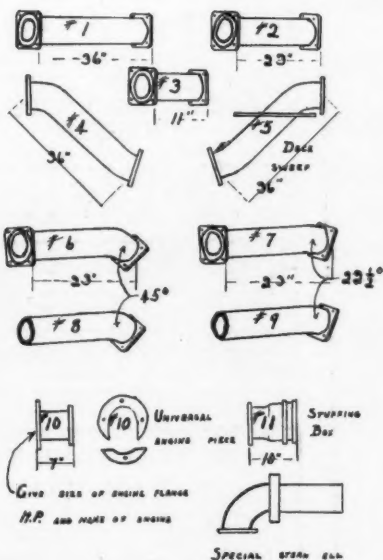
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8 in size	12.50 per foot for completed pipe

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120 H.P. Nelsco full diesel engine. Plenty
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The kind everybody is looking for. Now
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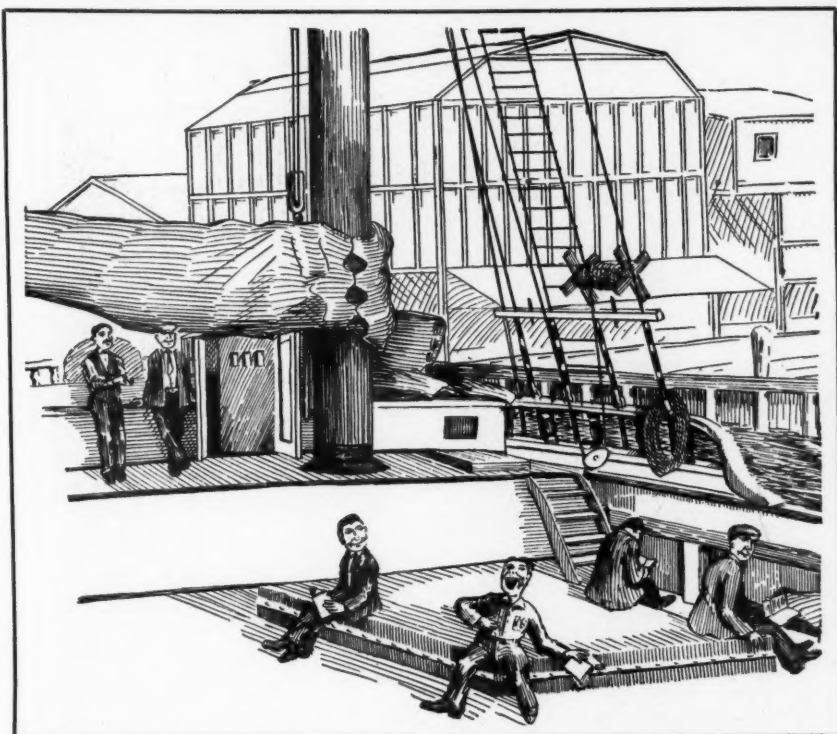
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